

# FOOLS SEEN FROM THE CAB.

## A Locomotive Engineer Mentions Several Varieties of Them.

The other day I found a locomotive engineer sitting on a pile of ties near his great Rodman engine, which was steamed up ready to make a dash across the country. I told him I wanted some facts connected with his long experience as a runner. "Well," replied the engineer, "if you could see with my eyes the things that I have seen throughout thirty years of running an engine, you would wonder why our asylums are not oversupplied with inmates. A man will come driving along toward a railroad crossing. One of the inmates of the vehicle will see the train and call the driver's attention to it. The driver will then whip his team into a run, cross the track just ahead of the train, and then stop and watch us pass by. They simply take desperate chances to cross ahead of us, while if he had driven along at the rate he was going when he first saw the train, we would have got out of their way before they would have reached the crossing. This thing happens many times in a month, and causes more accidents than you would imagine. It is no use to try to make a jury believe that it was the fault of the teamster, of course.

"When women and children are about to cross ahead of us, we are scared every time. The woman will stop a few feet from the track and turn around to watch us approach; she will forget all about her smaller children and while she watches us come along, the little fellows walk right along and on to the track. Nine times out of ten where children accompany their parents are killed by the cars at crossings, it is because the parents were watching the train instead of the children.

"One of the worst fools with which we have to deal is the idiot who will try to stay on the track as long as possible. He will pretend that he does not hear the train, and of course we know that he does. Just as we get right on him, he will jump to one side and laugh. I never see this done without a wish coming in my heart that the simpleton had fallen and lost a leg. We kill a great many pedestrians throughout the railroad world just from this one cause. So many idiots will treat us that way, and we make many sudden stops, only to be laughed at by the pinhead who has done it, that we finally conclude to pay no attention to it, and then some unfortunate creature pays the penalty for all their foolishness. Of course the villagers say that engineer on engine so-and-so was the cause of old Mr. So-and-So being killed on the track near town, when the real cause of it has been that a number of their smart young men and women have been continually doing just as the old man was at the time he was caught. Instead of different legislatures spending their breath framing laws to make a railroad pay for a pig they kill, it would be better sense to pass laws making it a penitentiary offence for a person knowingly to remain on the track as near as 1,000 feet to an approaching train.

"Another kind of a fool is that one who will get out of his wagon as the train approaches, leave his wife to hold the lines, while he gets as close to the train as possible in order to get a better look at it. This is almost a daily occurrence, and while the team becomes unmanageable and runs off with the wagon and family, the fool husband waves his hand to every man in sight on the train, only to look around after the train has passed, to see his children scattered over the sage brush. I know a rushing train,

## Oil for the Children.

Give them oil—cod-liver oil.

It's curious to see the result.

Give it to the peevish, fretful child, and he laughs. Give it to the pale, anemic child, and his face becomes rosy and full of health. Take a flat-chested child, or a child that has stopped growing, give him the oil, and he will grow big and strong like the rest.

This is not a new scheme. It has been done for years. Of course you must use the right oil. Scott's Emulsion is the one.

Scott's Emulsion neither looks nor tastes like oil because we are so careful in making it pleasant to take.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 100 Pearl St., N. Y. 100 and 1000, all druggists.

as it dashes over the country must be a beautiful sight for the rural districter, but a look at it does not pay for a runaway team with a man's family in it.

"I said a little while ago that the biggest fool was the one who would stay on the track as long as possible, but I don't believe he is any worse than that one who will pretend to you that there is something serious ahead of you. He will point down the track and make all sorts of knowing gestures and signs. He pretends that there is a horse in a culvert, a bridge gone or something like that. Of course our training is such that all matters of that kind must be pondered over in a moment's time. We are compelled to consider it, and the fool by the track may be giving it just at a time when something critical is being considered in matters of our meeting orders. Many a wreck is caused primarily from this source, and while the engineer gets discharged for the wreck which has cost several lives, perhaps the real cause of it was the unnecessary and lying signal given by the idiot near the track. Of course we do not see anything 100 feet from the right of way, but then these smart idiots stand right near and give their signs. After awhile so many like this deceive us that it is like the boy who was looking after the sheep. When the cry of 'the wolf' comes in earnest we pay no attention to it.

"Another idiot that is pretty plentiful is the one who puts things on the rails—nails and small iron articles and the like. Of course little things like these don't amount to much within themselves, but children will see that done and hear older ones tell of it, and after awhile some little fellow puts on a larger thing, and a wreck is the result. The idiots who have been in the habit of putting small articles on the rail could not be made to believe that they were the primary cause of the wreck, oh, no; but they are, just the same.

"I ran across a fool just the other day that seemed to be something new. At least it was the first time anything like it was ever played on me. It was at a blind siding, where our fast train did not stop, and he wanted us to stop so he could get on. As we pulled in sight of the switch there was a man with his foot apparently caught in the frog. This is a horrible affair, and of course I slowed down and stopped just in time to save the poor fellow, only to have him laugh an idiotic laugh and make a run for the coaches. My freeman was a big husky fellow, and I sent him after the idiot. I held the train just 20 seconds, and you never saw so much blood come from one man's nose in your life. The husky freeman pounded him, would throw him up and kick him as he came down, shoved his head in the earth, twisted his legs and bent his neck sidewise, and finally wound up by dumping him out next to the fence. He will not stop another train in that way.

"There is a farmhouse near the track about 200 miles out. One day we were late, and I was making about a mile a minute down the long hill there, when a little tot about 3 years old stood up in the centre of the track and started to run away from us. I was right on it before I saw it. The freeman saw the child at the same time. Nothing on earth could save the darling, and I knew it, but I seized the whistle and blew it like a crazed man, at the same moment reversing and opening the throttle wide. To my amazement, a calf, frightened by the whistle, jumped into the middle of the track, and looking back at us as they will always do for a few feet, ran square into the tot and knocked it clear of the rails, as the calf itself went under the engine. 'Come now, Jim, you have begged it long enough; get on and let's be going,' was the first words I understood after I saw the little fellow between the rails. I gave the child to its mother who had come screaming from the house near the track."—Portland Oregonian.

### Solomon's Sorrow.

"What subject have you selected for your Easter remarks?" asked the vestryman of the rector.

"Really, I had not thought of it yet. Have you any suggestions?"

"Well, being a married man, I thought perhaps you could comment in some way on the evils of overdressing."

"Very good. Very good, indeed. I shall prepare a sermon on the sorrows of Solomon, with three hundred spring addresses to buy each year."—Baltimore American.

The bill-collector says he has no desire to dwell in the land of promiscuity.

### Vitality of the Deer.

Men who follow the deer sometimes see remarkable instances of the vitality of the animal. It has come to be a truism that there is no shot which will stop a deer within 20 yards and do it every time.

Deer have been known to travel a quarter of a mile with shot through the brain, to go 100 yards with a broken spine, to pass on apparently unhurt when hit through the heart.

As a general thing hound-driven deer will go farther when mortally hurt than deer which are shot while being still-hunted, for the reason that those driven by hounds are often going at top speed. Their tremendous momentum carries them some little way and besides they are badly frightened and have the instinct to run so long as the muscles will act.

Last fall C. H. Colbert of Frostville used 12 large buckshot on a deer which crossed him at 50 yards with the dogs not more than a quarter of a mile behind it. The deer fell over in the discharge of the gun, rolled over in a somersault, leaped to its feet and disappeared with undiminished speed.

The dogs ran into it dead 300 yards farther on. It had been hit thrice through the neck, the shot passing out on the other side, and once through the head below the eyes. Putting into this deer it was found that the top of one of the neck vertebrae had been split by a bullet.

It happens most often that a deer shot through the heart falls dead within 20 feet, but sometimes one will display a surprising hold upon life. In Trempealeau county, Wis., last season George Hatfield fired at a deer which was lying down 60 yards away with its head turned from him. He used a soft-nosed bullet of 30 calibre.

The animal jumped up and ran at terrific speed. A hundred yards away it crashed into a sapling the size of a man's wrist, broke it off and fell itself. When Hatfield reached it life was extinct.

The bullet had entered near the middle of the back and taken a forward and downward course. Striking a rib it had been converted practically into a charge of small shot. It had passed through the heart and this organ was nearly pulverized.

Once in Wood county, in the same state, Frank A. Porter used a 48 calibre rifle on a deer which was standing broadside on. This animal was knocked down, but regained its feet after rolling over a couple of times and came directly toward the shooter.

He supposed it was charging him and got out of its way. It passed him apparently without seeing him, ran 50 yards in the open and fell. The hole through its heart was larger than a silver dollar.

Some sportsmen believe that deer shot through the heart go blind as they often crash into trees or stumps before falling, but it may be only the blindness of fast approaching death. It would seem almost that the stricken animal maintains its equilibrium and the muscles act involuntarily after death has come. Instances of deer traveling more than a quarter of a mile when the heart has been struck by only one buckshot are too numerous to mention.

On the other hand a very slight wound will sometimes stop a deer, Hugh Boyd of northern Minnesota once shot a doe which was crossing the runway at a walk, not 30 yards from him. She dropped in her tracks. Ranning to her he grasped her by the ears with one hand and drew his knife to bleed her when she jumped up. Boyd is a powerful man. He threw the deer and killed her with the knife, though she cut his right wrist badly with a fore hoof.

She had been shot through the fleshy part of the neck—"creased" as the term is in the southwest. No bone was touched and she had fallen merely from temporary shock to the spinal cord.

Two winters ago James Dubose of Claiborne parish, La., fired at a deer which was passing him at a gentle lope. Its hindquarters sank almost to the ground and it endeavored to escape by dragging itself with its forelegs.

When it had gone 10 yards he shot it again. The first bullet had struck the tail just at the root, but had not touched any part of the body.

Even more strangely there is a record of a deer shot near Benavides, Tex., which was crippled too badly to permit of escape by a rifle shot which passed through the tail at least 2 inches from the body.

So old hunters know that however they may strike a deer they may still have to trail it, and they know, too, that a bullet through both shoulders is apt to stop it within shorter space than a bullet sent through any other part of the body. Green hands in the woods often lose deer and blame themselves for bad misses at short range when they would find the quarry if they followed the trail 100 yards or so. When an apparently disgraceful miss is made it is always well to follow the track a little way and look for blood, not on the ground, but on branches and bushes.—New York Sun.

**E. H. Green**  
This signature is on every box of the genuine  
**Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets**  
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

### Perils of Mormonism.

No false note of alarm is sounded in the appeal just made by the home missionary societies of the evangelical churches, calling upon the Christian public of America to resist the encroachments of Mormonism. They draw attention to a real, a present and increasing danger. Their chief task is to combat popular indifference based on ignorance. Let the average man be asked his opinion of the Mormons, and the substance of his description would be that they are a band of Boer-like, bearded farmers who form a part of the population of Utah; men of brutal instincts and a low order of intelligence, who formerly practiced polygamy and had their enemies killed by their agents, whom they called Danites, or Destroying Angels, until these crimes were stopped by law.

Let that same man be told that the Mormon civilization is one of the most remarkable in the history of the world; that their church is stronger to-day than it ever has been and is gaining ground each year; that 2,000 Mormon missionaries are drawing converts to it from every nation, that congregations have been formed in Harlem and Newark under the guidance of elders in charge of the headquarters in Brooklyn, and that the erection of a Mormon temple in Central Park West is being discussed. Let these facts and others like them be made plain and the people will awaken to at least a partial understanding of the peril that lies in the steady insidious growth of the church of the latter day saints.—New York Mail and Express.

### What Early Will Say.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who distinguished himself in the Confederate service and is now on the regular army retired list as a brigadier general, recently went on a visit to West Virginia. While there he met an old comrade in arms whose reception was somewhat frigid.

"Well, what's the matter?" said Gen. Lee.

"Oh, nothing much," was the non-committal reply.

"There is something wrong," persisted the General. "Out with it! What do you want?"

After being strenuously urged the old comrade said:

"Well, I want to die at least half an hour before you do. I want to be in the other world when you arrive there, just to hear what Gen. Jubal Early says when he sees you in a blue uniform."—New York World.

### Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

—Death gets them all sooner or later; but it is queer how careful he is to pick out the most useful ones first. —It isn't the man who sells rum that wants Sunday openings; it is the man who drinks it.

### To Preserve Eggs.

Editor Home and Farm: To collect eggs when they are plentiful and keep them until they are at a premium is what interests us all. Below is given some suggestions which will be helpful. Let me say, however, that I hope this article will encourage no one to preserve eggs, and when there is a demand for them, sell them as fresh eggs. No objection can be made to selling preserved eggs as such, but to sell eggs in January and February that were laid the previous June (the buyer being under the impression that he is getting strictly fresh eggs), is not treating others as we would have them treat us. Egg shells are porous and, hence, the egg cannot be airtight. The main point to be observed is the closing up of those pores. Select fresh eggs, and, after brushing off the dirt and dust, give them a coat of varnish. If this is thoroughly done, and the eggs, when dry, packed in a box of sawdust and kept in a cool place, they will keep indefinitely.

Another method is to cover your eggs with vasoline, to which a little salicylic acid has been added, pack them in salt and store in a cool, dry place. Still another method is the use of a solution of lime. It is made by using two pounds of fresh lime, one pint of salt and four gallons of boiled water. Eggs preserved in this solution give very satisfactory results, although their flavor is not quite so good as that obtained by the use of either the first or the second plan given above.

A method (which is out of the farmer's road) is that of evaporating eggs. Hot air is used to extract the water from the egg, leaving nothing but solid matter, which thus keeps for an indefinite period. Of course, it is understood that preserved eggs cannot be used for hatching, but only for culinary purposes.

Low R. Case.

### Good For Rheumatism.

Last fall I was taken with a very severe attack of muscular rheumatism which caused me great pain and annoyance. After trying several prescriptions and rheumatic cures, I decided to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm which I had seen advertised in the South Jerseyman. After two applications of this remedy I was much better, and after using one bottle, was completely cured.—Sallie Harris, Salem, N. J. For sale by Orr-Gray Drug Co.

—He who sincerely lives out his best ideas if often, though silent, a more efficient reformer, through the force of example, than the most zealous orator. A life true and faithful, strong and sweet, pure and honorable, will always win sympathy for the ideas around which it has clustered; while the very same ideas, held by one whose life contradicts them, will fall powerless to the ground, though urged with zeal and eloquence.

—Noah played a great game. He drew pants and got a full house.

## ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES?

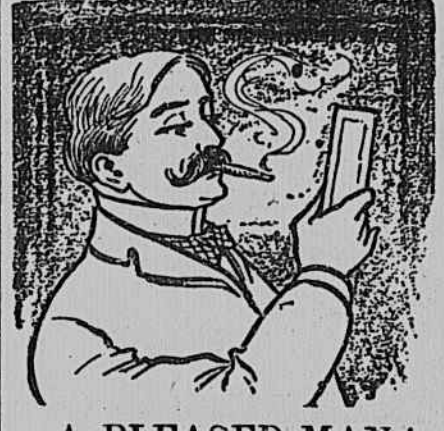
ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable. HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY. F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

Baltimore, Md., March 30, 1902. Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion. About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely. I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that I was incurable, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would be lost forever. I then came to Baltimore, Md., and, after a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you very truly.

F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md. Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation. Examination and YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME at a nominal price first. INTERNATIONAL AURAL C. 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

## BONHAM & WATKINS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Anderson, S. C. Have moved their office rear Peoples Bank. Entrance through Bank and side of building. Jan 8, 1902 29 3m



### A PLEASSED MAN!

A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH gives a great deal of pleasure, and my Specialty is the Photographs that will have life-like accuracy and artistic excellence. I combine the best points to produce the best Photographs.

### J. H. COLLINS.

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of Estate of Abram McCaulley, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 21st day of April, 1902, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator. MARY McCAULEY, W. M. EDWARDS, Administrators. March 10, 1902 30 5

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### RAILWAY.

Continued Schedules in Effect June 25th, 1902.

STATIONS.	Daily No. 10.	Daily No. 11.
Lv. Charleston	11:00 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
" Greenville	12:00 p.m.	7:45 a.m.
" Spartanburg	1:00 p.m.	8:30 a.m.
" Laurens	2:00 p.m.	9:15 a.m.
" Anderson	3:00 p.m.	10:00 a.m.
Lv. Greenville	4:00 p.m.	10:45 a.m.
" Spartanburg	5:00 p.m.	11:30 a.m.
" Laurens	6:00 p.m.	12:15 p.m.
" Anderson	7:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m.
Lv. Anderson	8:00 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
" Greenville	9:00 p.m.	2:30 p.m.
" Charleston	10:00 p.m.	3:15 p.m.

### Blue Ridge Railroad.

Effective January 12, 1902.

STATIONS.	No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily	No. 3 Daily	No. 4 Daily
Lv. Walhalla	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
" Seneca	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
" Cherry	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
" Pendleton	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
" Anderson	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
Lv. Anderson	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.	7:00 a.m.

### ATLANTIC COAST LINE

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT. WILMINGTON, N. C., Jan. 13, 1902. Fast Lines Between Charleston and Columbia, and Upper South Carolina, North Carolina.

### CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

GOING WEST.	No. 63.	GOING EAST.	No. 64.
Lv. Charleston	7:00 a.m.	Lv. Charleston	7:00 a.m.
" Columbia	7:00 a.m.	" Columbia	7:00 a.m.
" Spartanburg	7:00 a.m.	" Spartanburg	7:00 a.m.
" Laurens	7:00 a.m.	" Laurens	7:00 a.m.
" Anderson	7:00 a.m.	" Anderson	7:00 a.m.

Will also stop at the following stations to take and let off passengers: Phenix, James, Seneca, Springs, West Anderson, Jordan, Junction. J. H. ANDERSON, Superintendent.

### ATLANTIC COAST LINE

Daily. No. 61 and 62 Solid Trains between Charleston and Columbia, S. C.

**CHARLESTON AND GREENVILLE.**  
Pullman palace sleeping cars on Trains 83 and 86, 87 and 88, on A. and C. division. Dining cars on these trains serve all meals enroute.  
Trains leave Spartanburg A. & C. Division

J. H. ANDERSON, Superintendent.

EVERY WOMAN!

Housekeepers, wives, mothers, every woman who has the care of a family or household, has at one time or another spells of backache, nervous weakness, sick headache and disorders in the digestion, caused as a rule by domestic worry, overwork, irregular meals or habitual constipation. To all women who suffer in this way, we say:

TAKE ....

**Prickly Ash Bitters**

.... IT CURES.

It performs a marvelous transformation. The tired, weak, despondent, pale and bloodless victim is soon a strong, bright, happy woman, with rosy cheeks and cheerful spirits.

Prickly Ash Bitters is not a disagreeable, harsh-acting medicine as the name might indicate. It is pleasant to the taste, mild yet powerful in its cleansing and regulating influence in the vital organs.

Druggists sell it—Price, \$1.00

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GEO. H. LEE, G. P. and T. A., Little Rock, Ark.